THE REVOLUTION IN PUBLICITY, By Edward L. Bernays

The Saturday Review of Literature

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KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI (author of "My India, My America") is a "keen, amusing, and witty critic." *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Revolution in Publicity

EDWARD L. BERNAYS

THE revolutionary nature of this age is not limited to politics, national or international. Invention, transportation, fashion, diet, diplomacy, even public relations—all have been rocked by revolution. Since 1900, there have been four revolutions in the field of publicity. The first, 1900-1914, was the period of muckraking versus whitewashing publicity; the second was marked by the mass scale effort to sell war aims and ideals, 1914-1918; the third, 1919-1929, saw large-scale industrial publicity; and, since 1929, publicity in the fields linking private interest and public responsibility has been in the forefront.

Whatever term you want to give publicity — public relations, engineering of consent, opinion management, the techniques of leadership—the revolutions through which it has passed not only have effected fundamental changes in its own field of action, but have executed a powerful influence on the world itself. They have been instrumental in changing or accelerating changes in the forms and structures of government. Even in literature and the arts we can observe the impact of the publicity techniques. For example, John Sumner's attacks on "Ulysses" with its attendant and consequent publicity changed public attitudes towards what was and what was not obscene in the arts. Another instance is the "September Morn" episode — a publicity stunt, incidentally, to sell more of the pictures—which broadened the public's viewpoint of what was art. And in the making of more enlightened attitudes towards social hygiene, the presentation of "Damaged Goods," which I worked out as a young editor of a medical magazine, undoubtedly had its effect.

Soap manufacturers used publicity techniques to promote a nation-wide interest in soap sculpture — and succeeded in selling millions of cakes of soap—but they also succeeded in promoting a healthy manifestation of art consciousness and in helping to develop numberless sculptors-to-be.

The first publicity revolution had a star cast—David Graham Phillips, Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, Upton Sinclair, Tom Lawson. These were the muckrakers, who turned the white glare of publicity on the "curse of bigness" in business. The effect of the muckraking revolution was widespread. From the packinghouse agitation stirred up by Sinclair's "Jungle" there arose a new public interest in health, food standards, a new critical attitude toward meat products and, ultimately, the birth of a whole new industrial interest, refrigeration.

When Theodore Roosevelt set out to 'bust the trusts," he recognized the importance of new techniques of publicity—techniques made possible by growing literacy, the free ballot, and speeded by mechanics of printing, communication and transportation, cheaper postal rates—even the new national advertising in magazines which made it possible to publish them so cheaply.

This era also saw the intensified development of the use of publicity as a weapon by the President — when the White House press conference was first used to mold public attitudes and action, and when stories were "planted" with favored correspondents as an instrument by which public opinion might be influenced.

The success of the muckrakers, then, led to a recognition of the power of publicity not only by the muckrakers themselves, but by the government, and, finally, by industry itself. Industry, however, was to make its own counter-attack. While Steffens, Tarbell, *et al* spent months of checking and rechecking before they printed a brief article of five or six thousand words, the Industrialists found a publicity short-cut. "Whitewashing" it was called. You said what you wanted to, and what you thought would fool the public. P. T. Barnum's famous dictum made the industrialists secure in their market for the time being. Stuart Chase had not coined the expression "the tyranny of words," but that was what it was.

Edward L. Bernays

And since the public had not yet been disillusioned about words, words retained their potency. There was real magic in them. But the public made itself felt as a threat to Big Business practices more strongly than it realized. The muckraking publicity revolution may not have made business change its spots, but it at least made business conscious of the power words could have when taken up by the public.

Certainly Woodrow Wilson recognized publicity techniques in his attitudes and actions toward business. The fight for pure food, waged by the chemist, Doctor Harvey Wiley, during Wilson's administration, had been based on this theory: Let the public know what food manufacturers were doing, and there would irresistably follow a demand for corrective legislation. This theory was dubbed "pitiless publicity" by Presidents Roosevelt and Wilson, and pitiless publicity was one of the weapons of such new government agencies as the Federal Trade Commission, which sought to impose upon business the policies consistent with the public interest.

ENGINEERING of consent on a mass scale ushered in publicity revolution No. 2 during the World War. With the Great War, nations in the conflict and out of it recognized the importance of managing public opinion; and used these weapons, some to a greater, some to a lesser extent.

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War publicity became the *sina qua non* of the war effort in each country. The problems of persuading the people of one's own country, of the neutrals', and of the enemies', became a new challenge to the policy makers, and to all those in positions of power in all countries.

Stupidly, little was done to integrate and coördinate these activities. It was mostly done on a catch-as-catch-can basis. There was always a greater recognition of its importance in quarters that did not have the final say than in the highest quarters, and so the activity dragged, never attaining its full potentialities.

The formation of our own Committee on Public Information, of which I was an associate and which I watched grow from a small idea to an organization of enthusiastic men and women in key centers throughout the world, used whatever aptitudes and skills it possessed to further a better knowledge of war aims and war ideals of the United States. In this effort every existing channel of communication was used—posters and billboards, advertising and exhibits, pamphlets and newspapers, movies for Minute Men, and envelope stuffers.

"Words that won the War" was the slogan of the time. It was inevitable that the victory of words should have a profound effect upon the world, and that it should, in turn, lead to another publicity revolution—No. 3, from 1919 to 1929—which was marked by large-scale industrial publicity.

In this period, first gingerly and then boldly, the lessons of the war were applied to peace-time pursuits, to organization drives for non-profit institutions, universities, colleges, and hospitals; they were applied, too, to industry and other enterprises generally. Ivy Lee pioneered in the field. He had worked with the Rockefellers, Sr. and Jr., in 1914. He used to tell me that his was an artist's field, that what he was doing would die with him. Once, William Albig recalls, Lee suggested an article be written about the Cathedral of St. John the Divine for the *New York Times Magazine,* which would include a single phrase declaring that the Cathedral metal work was made of copper, "The Metal of Ages." At that time, Lee was working for the copper producers.

We started our organization—Doris E. Fleischman and myself—in 1919—and soon had called our work "counsel on public relations" to describe the new scope and functions of publicity.

Of course, there were all kinds of interpretations of the publicity lessons from the war period. To some, it was still the whitewash of the first years of the century. To others, the post-war disillusionment brought a recognition that maybe the tyranny of words didn't mean as much as it might have before the war. As one semanticist said, word currency had gradually been undergoing a period of inflation, until words became so far removed from the referent, their original meaning, that they had lost their exchange value in the public market-place.

But it was also an era of rising price levels, the wicked roaring twenties, the tabloid, the jazz era, the publicity stunt. Publicity, like everything else, suffered from the abuses of the age. It lost some of its sharpness. On the other hand, the new competition, competition for the consumer's interest and dollars, developed new techniques—oranges against prunes, tea against coffee, wool against cotton. And there were, too, the beginnings of large and small aggregations of business which recognized the implications of the need to integrate themselves into their backgrounds—The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, General Motors, General Electric, and others.

These were the days of nation-wide and international publicity festivities in which I participated, like Light's Golden Jubilee, when the United States Government honored Thomas Edison and the mazda lamp by putting a mazda bulb on a postage stamp; when Henry Ford, at my suggestion, had horses, buggies, victorias, barouches, installed so that he could carry his guests, on the opening of Greenfield Village, in a way that dramatized the demise of the horse and buggy age; when men were so sure of the continuity of the new era that Otto Kahn and Paul Cravath, both now dead, told me, riding out to the festivities, that if our stock market had only had the British system of two weeks' settlements, all would have been well forever in these United States.

This was the period, too, when industry realized the importance of public interest activities attached to its private profit activities, when foundations and research institutes and general laboratories and good-will vice presidents and luncheon vice-presidents were set up for the public. It was a groping period in which industrial leaders set the pace and others followed as best they understood. All of which set the stage for the revolution in publicity No. 4, 1929-? This was really a revolution towards public responsibility in private business.

The stock market cracked in 1929, but that was just the precursor of all the revolutions that were to follow in many different fields of action. It carried down with it not only some of the governments of the period, but set new ones up through publicity revolu-

(*Continued on page* 18)

THIS WEEK

Articles

PAGE

THE REVOLUTION IN PUBLICITY
By Edward L. Bernays 3

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
By Edith M. Stern 12

Reviews

MY INDIA, MY AMERICA
By Krishnalal Shridharani
Reviewed by William Henry Chamberlin 5

FIRST PAPERS
By Martin Gumpert
Reviewed by Louis Adamic 6

FAITH FOR TODAY
By Stanley High, Frank Kingdon, Gerald Groveland Walsh, S. J., Louis Finkelstein, and Swami Nikhilananda. With an introduction by George V. Denny.
Reviewed by George N. Shuster 6

ROOSEVELT: DICTATOR OR DEMOCRAT?
By Gerald W. Johnson
Reviewed by Ernest K. Lindley 7

WINE OF THE COUNTRY
By Hamilton Basso
Reviewed by Bess Jones 8

CONQUER
By John Masefield
Reviewed by Basil Davenport 8

MY FRIEND FLICKA
By Mary O'Hara
Reviewed by Rosemary Carr Benét 9

I CAN'T FORGET
By Robert J. Casey
Reviewed by Linton Wells 14

SONG OF ARIRAN
By Kim San and Nym Wales
Reviewed by T. A. Bisson 14

ARREST AND EXILE
By Lillian T. Mowrer
Reviewed by Nym Wales 15

THE IMPACT OF WAR: OUR AMERICAN DEMOCRACY
By Pendleton Herring
Reviewed by Ernest R. Dupuy 17

THE SECRET DIARY OF WILLIAM BYRD OF WESTOVER, 1709-1712
Edited by Louis B. Wright and Marion Tinling
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones ..19

Departments

EDITORIAL 10
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 11
YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 15
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 19
TRADE WINDS 21
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 397 23

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Two Countries and Two Worlds

MY INDIA, MY AMERICA. By Krishnalal Shridharani. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 1941. 647 *pp.* $3.75

Reviewed by
WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THIS is a portrait, animated, discerning, and not excessively "highbrow," of two of the world's largest and most contrasted countries, by a Hindu who combines an Eastern background with a long period of study and residence in the United States. The result is an uncommonly interesting book, ranging over a wide variety of subjects without losing certain connecting threads of thought and analysis.

Like many foreigners, the author is impressed by what he considers the favored position of the American woman. "Men over here," he says, "belong to what we call in India 'the depressed class'." Along with the familiar observations about America's love of superlatives he notes one trait of our national character that must have also impressed many thoughtful Americans. This is the belief that a recipe for almost everything, including such intangible things as happiness and success, can be extracted from a book. This is the explanation for the extraordinary popularity of what Mr. Shridharani appropriately calls the "How to" books, of which "How to Win Friends and Influence People" is one of the most conspicuous recent examples.

While he is a keen, amusing, and witty critic, Mr. Shridharani does not approach the United States with the attitude of an assumed superiority of a mystical, other-wordly East over a pushing, materialistic West. He belongs to the class of modern nationalists, familiar in every Oriental country who, while wishing to preserve what is dignified and beautiful in their national tradition, also feel the impulse to change and to reform. He shows a lively appreciation both for American social democracy and for American material achievement. And he criticizes as unjust the tendency to draw unfavorable conclusions about American culture by comparing the "average American," the "common man" who counts for little in Europe and Asia, with the representatives of the small cultivated upper social layers of foreign countries. It is possible that the author overdoes this point and overlooks such circumstances as America's comparative youth and the fact that the problem of reconciling quantity with quality is not always solved in American education.

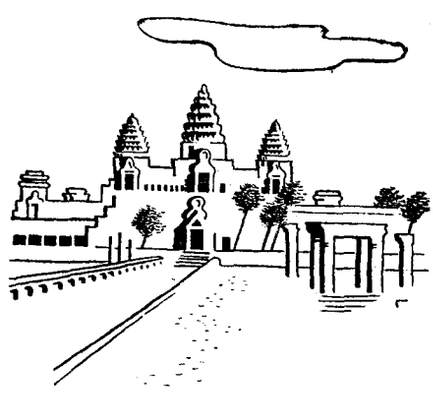
The author was an associate of Gandhi in the Indian leader's march to the sea to defy the government ordinance against making salt. This lends a special quality of authority to what he has to say about two interesting subjects, Gandhi and pacifism. Gandhi, as he says, is "the best thing we have" and he gives the following summary of the Mahatma's virtues in a wild and brutal world:

> He never makes the air blue with vituperation (Hitler), he is not without humor (Stalin), he is not led by the nose (Mussolini), he clings to no passé crown (several people), he does not persecute the helpless (Hitler), he never scoffs at God (Stalin), he denies himself the world, the flesh and the devil (you and I).

He shows Gandhi in several aspects, negotiating with Lord Irwin (now Lord Halifax), receiving everyone who visits him in the simple home where he lives on a sub-vegetarian diet, interrupted by frequent fasts, exacting in the discipline which he requires of his followers, ten times more exacting with himself. Always sustained by an unwavering faith in the invincible force of spiritual ideals, Gandhi's name may some day be as refreshing and consoling in the present dark age of world civilization as the figure of Saint Francis of Assisi is against the background of thirteenth-century cruelty and ignorance.

Mr. Shridharani also describes India's venerable sage, Tagore, and the Westernized leader of Indian nationalism, Jawaharlal Nehru, whose extraordinary combination of a spiritually aristocratic Brahmin ancestry with the Western culture symbolized in Oxford is mirrored so eloquently in his remarkable autobiography, "Towards Freedom." Freedom for Nehru has always been an unrealized ideal, nationally and personally. As Mr. Shridharani says:

> Although Nehru is the most significant and devoted democrat alive, he found himself behind the bars of a prison maintained by the very champions of democracy.



Approaching Western pacifism from the background of the Indian non-cooperation movement which he knows at first hand, Mr. Shridharani finds it too individualistic, too lacking in mass appeal. He has already explained the technique of the Indian movement in his earlier book, "War without Violence."

He believes that the typical Western pacifist is too much concerned with saving his own soul, and that Western pacifist groups have failed to work out a satisfactory method of mass resistance to invasion and oppression without war. Despite Gandhi's deep concern with the moral and spiritual aspects of non-violence, Mr. Shridharani maintains that Indian non-coöperation is an essentially secular and practical movement, "to be wielded by masses of men for earthly, tangible, and collective aims and to be discarded if it does not work."

Mr. Shridharani's ideal does not represent the individual pacifist or conscientious objector who may suffer physical or spiritual persecution for his belief. It is rather the mass movement which, as he believes, would alone be capable of altering the course of history by overcoming a conqueror without violence. As forms of such a mass movement, he suggests that people should lie down at the frontier, forcing the invader to kill them in order to pass, and also large-scale demonstrations, boycotts, and strikes.

It may be that we shall witness certain forms of non-violent resistance to the Nazi yoke in conquered European countries. But it seems doubtful whether the Indian technique will ever be consciously adopted on a large scale in any Western country. Indian conditions were especially favorable to the practice of this technique. There was a large mass of people, some of them nationalist intellectuals, some of them peasants who were untrained in the use of arms, who scarcely possessed the means to carry out a violent revolt, even if this had been in accordance with their principles, but who were willing to endure a great deal of passive suffering. In the West it seems probable that the division between a minority who will refuse to take part in war on pacifist or humanitarian grounds and a majority which will fight at the order of its government will persist.

India is a comparatively blank spot in the war news of the day. But Mr. Shridharani shows that both the mili-

(*Continued on page* 22)

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American Discovery

FIRST PAPERS. By Martin Gumpert. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1941. 310 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS ADAMIC

"FIRST PAPERS" is the record of a German immigrant's discovery of America during the five years between first and final citizenship papers. And because its author is observant, receptive, contemplative, and intelligent—and knows how to write—his picture of America is engaging. He discusses practically everything: his own two professions, medicine and literature; New York's manners and customs; "the Hollywood myth in all its fascinating and sober reality"; Roosevelt and Lawrence Dennis; labor unions, legal procedure, standardization, and food. And everywhere he is struck by the friendliness of Americans.

"First Papers" is also a study in individual re-education. The newcomer has to overcome his "ignorance of the simplest customs and formalities, the difficulties of communication, uncertainty as to one's own future, and worry about those for whom one is responsible." "Weights and measures and distances are . . . called by different names, subdivided differently." And before he learns English he discovers that "to a man on an advanced intellectual level, loss of speech is an almost insupportable shock." But one can also learn to laugh. At first the gaiety of after-theater crowds startled Dr. Gumpert. "Laughter," he says, "is the highest and most sensitive human quality. It is an unmistakable sign of freedom."

With time most immigrants assimilate strange ways. What distinguishes "First Papers" is its penetration beyond the factual level to an inward and more profound re-education. It traces the evolution of a mind and heart from a rather complacent class isolationism to a democratic internationalism. The cultivated, educated European intellectual was forced to "regain the capacity for primitive experiences," to learn that "in the end but one thing remains important—not to starve to death." Out of that bitter upheaval grew, in Dr. Gumpert at least, a deep faith in the future of America, "the only land in the world where . . . the prerequisites for true democracy are capable of being fulfilled. . . . " "The United States has been able to observe the great fallacies of the nineteenth century, nationalism and Marxism, from the outside without falling victim to either."

"The alien in America has become a national problem," says the author, and he differentiates between those who come as agents of their governments, those who retain a full identification with "the destiny of their homeland," the indifferent, here from expediency, and those who "must and will live in America."

Dr. Gumpert sees both sides of the problem with the sympathetic but realistic detachment which is the reward of maturity. "Patience, willpower and flexibility" will help the immigrant "with the desire to assimilate," while native Americans might well listen to those who "have come here . . . to learn and to take part in the . . . struggle that has leaped into flame . . . for the future of the world." The book is also a valuable treatise on immigration—valuable because after reading it the American of long-established roots and he who is seeking to grow new fibers in a strange but exhilarating soil will be able to have a warmer understanding of each other.

"First Papers" is so simply written, so unassuming; it touches so many subjects with so little apparent effort; indeed, it is so beguiling, that you don't immediately realize its scope and depth. It spreads far beyond its 300 pages, like a picture that is larger than its frame. It deserves every bit of the praise in Thomas Mann's preface.

—*Eric Schaal*

Martin Gumpert: "Laughter is an unmistakable sign of freedom."

Religious "Denominators"

FAITH FOR TODAY. By Stanley High, Frank Kingdon, Gerald Groveland Walsh, S. J., Louis Finkelstein, and Swami Nikhilananda. With an Introduction by George V. Denny, Jr. New York: Town Hall Press and Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

MR. DENNY explains that the volume before us contains lectures designed to reveal "common denominators" in religion. This is, then, no sequence of differing presentations of varying faiths but an attempt to state what religion is and why a man who professes it deems it of importance. I find it interesting and illuminating, though doubt assails me as to whether the "agreement" or "common denominator" so eagerly coveted was actually achieved. With Dr. High's initial lecture there would, it is true, be no disposition to quarrel. He finds that the social implications of the Christian faith are anathema to the authors of the Nazi revolution, for the reverse of the reasons why those implications have been made a beloved, integral part of the American heritage. America is defined as the creation of three historic faiths — Protestantism, Catholicism, Judaism.

With Dr. Kingdon we are already on the fairway rather than on the green. He is concerned with how a man comes to faith, rather than with what he finds when he arrives. Eloquently, at times poetically and beautifully, he describes the process of finding God and being discovered by Him. Father Gerald Walsh, expressing the faith of a Catholic in scholarly and appealing fashion, discovers that in the world today there is a great "homesickness for faith"; and thus paraphrasing the Abbé Brémond's *soif de Dieu,* he analyzes a good deal of recent literature to show to what conclusions this "homesickness" has driven a great many contemporaries.

Dr. Finkelstein, speaking as a Jewish teacher, offers a religious defense of democracy in terms of historical reflection. His lecture is notable for the calm and definiteness with which complex trends of thought about the moral consequences of respect for God and man are set forth. Swami Nikhilananda offers a brief analysis of Hinduism, and then a plea for respect of religious faiths one by another. "Let us not say malicious words about anybody's faith," he urges. "Iconoclasts never do any good to anybody." At the end, Mr. Denny does pretty well by way of a summary. He is to be congratulated. This is far and away the best book which has grown out of intergroup discussion of religions in this country.

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The Elusive "Mr. Big"

ROOSEVELT: DICTATOR OR DEMOCRAT? By Gerald W. Johnson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1941. 303 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST K. LINDLEY

FRESH appraisals of Franklin D. Roosevelt are needed. He has ceased to be a mere partisan or even a mere national figure. He has become one of the two — certainly not more than four—men on whom the future shape of the world now seems to depend.

No other American President has been as well known to such a large percentage of his fellow-citizens—in word, picture, voice, and person. None has opened himself to such close inspection by trained journalists for so long a period. None has been more thoroughly dissected by his contemporaries. Yet as the circle of knowledge about him widens, the greater becomes the perimeter beyond which lies the unknown. Like all men important enough to deserve intensive study, he remains a good deal of an enigma, even to his closest friends and most attentive observers. They may know, by experience, how he is likely to react to a particular situation, but the search for the "why" remains fascinating. And, of course, Roosevelt's place in history is still to be determined.

Gerald W. Johnson has attempted an analysis for the benefit of the Roosevelt-doubter or the Roosevelt-hater who wants to be patriotic in this time of crisis. The book is dedicated "to every man who cast an honest vote for Willkie." Johnson is a Roosevelt supporter, although not an uncritical one. He uses neither the magnifying glass of Raymond Moley, nor the tinted lenses of Emil Ludwig. Neither does he lean on the explanatory matter for the Roosevelt papers prepared by Samuel I. Rosenman—matter colored here and there by afterthought. And Johnson profits from a lack of first-hand personal observation, and emotional entanglement with Roosevelt. He seeks perspective and understanding—and he achieves both.

The question he poses, rhetorically, is whether Franklin D. Roosevelt is really fit to represent American democracy. His answer, of course, is yes. When put to the test, only a handful of irreconcilables would say otherwise. Yet Johnson does not appeal to the judgment of the hundreds of millions of persons throughout the world who regard Roosevelt as the greatest living symbol of democracy. Instead, Johnson examines Roosevelt's career with a steady, and often a shrewd, eye.

What was the source of the superb confidence with which Roosevelt electrified the nation in his first inaugural address? He was, as Johnson points out, the one man in public life "to whom paralysis was an old story," a calamity he knew could be overcome, because he himself had been able to overcome it.

There are many flashes of insight in this book. There are passages, too, which waste argument on such old issues as whether or not Roosevelt lived up to the 1932 platform of his party. More attention might have been given to the origins and development of the President's views on international affairs.

But no one book can encompass what already has become the raw material for a library. This is a well-grounded, discriminating analysis by a first-rate journalist, who has also a knowledge of history and a sense of the epochal nature of the events with which Franklin D. Roosevelt, as our representative, must grapple today and in the days ahead.

Gerald Johnson

Ernest K. Lindley, Washington correspondent for Newsweek *magazine, is the author of "The Roosevelt Revolution," and "Half-Way with Roosevelt."*

Shoulders of the Sky

HIGH CONQUEST. By James Ramsey Ullman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1941. 334 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THIS exhaustive story of mountaineering is told by James R. Ullman, himself a climber of note, though he makes no mention of his own exploits. Unlike others, he doesn't try to explain the lure of climbing, to rationalize it as sport or science, but matter-of-factly tells its history, from the late eighteenth century when it got its first great impetus in the Alps, to the most recent assault on Everest in 1938. The mountains of Europe, both Americas, Africa, and Asia are scientifically described, with complete and dramatic stories of every important climb that has been made upon them.

Mountaineers will read with unusual interest, though they may know Ullman's bibliography well, of the heartbreaking early attempts at the Matterhorn, which is now almost a tourist climb, of the foolhardy but successful "sourdough" expedition up Mt. McKinley, of the Duke of Abruzzi's courageous conquest of Ruwenzori, the African "Mountains of the Moon," in the face of continuous blinding rain. And for the layman with his slippered heels on the fire screen, the tales of the Himalayan climbs make a record of aspiration and tragedy without parallel in the annals of adventure. Men died by the hundreds of exposure and exhaustion; they dangled from the ends of ropes and froze within a few feet of their comrades; in the white wastes five miles high they saw visions and went mad, as if the "snow men," the demons whom half of Asia fears, were possessing them.

A good deal of this is a story of horror, but the author feels that the ugliest part of it has been, since the decade preceding the first World War, the intrusion of nationalism into mountaineering, the bull-headed, belligerent climbing, usually ill-organized, for the sake of Vaterland or Patria; these were the so-called suicide climbs which most often ended successfully in death. Ullmann writes: "We at least can hope that when peace comes again and men's thoughts can turn to such things as sport and adventure, that the faith-and-friction school of storm-trooper heroes will have disappeared, and that the mountains will be given back again to those who understand and love them."

This book has an excellent report on climbing for amateurs in the United States, a discussion of equipment and method, an appendix of statistics and mountaineering terms, a thorough bibliography, fine maps, and the best photographs of their kind. It should be of interest to all who like stern adventure and clean conquest now.

Hassoldt Davis is the author of "Land of the Eye."

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Basso . . .

Hamilton Basso

WINE OF THE COUNTRY. By Hamilton Basso. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 381 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

THE seriousness with which Mr. Basso always approaches his task must be respected. He knows that a novel asking for attention from selective readers should offer not merely entertainment—though goodness knows that is a great deal in a world of so many dull books—but point, living characters, sound style, and, if possible, lasting enrichment and illumination. He tries very hard to supply all of these in his newest work. He tries too hard. So that, instead of enjoying the result, one thinks only of how much effort has gone into it.

His chief difficulties are two: he cannot quite focus on a central character, and he cannot resist the temptation to be literary. The title suggests that the hero is Tait Ravenwill, young anthropologist from the South, and that the conflict lies in his indecision about where he truly belongs both in place and in work. Wine of the country, as even the layman knows, is a local product for local drinking, and the assumption is that only as Tait discovers himself to be a Southerner who belongs in the South will his problem find solution. Otherwise, the title makes no sense.

As "Wine of the Country" progresses, however, the story belongs not so much to Ravenwill as to the women who love him—the passionate, insanely jealous, half-mad Ellen, whom he disastrously marries, and the sensible, lovable Catherine Prescott, her cousin, who, the closing paragraph promises, will replace her.

As secondary motifs, contrasts are suggested between the Prescott girls, between North and South, between the life of thought and the life of action (that old cliché), between the "civilized" and the "primitive." But those which are more than suggested are scarcely interesting, and the potentially interesting ones are scarcely developed, and like the long, solemn quotations from the profound anthropological treatises of Professor Prescott, a stock character if there ever was one, they get nowhere at all. Those passages, indeed, by which Mr. Basso attempts to give verisimilitude to the academic interests and accomplishments of his two men, are the merest commonplaces of anthropology and sociology, and are about as convincing of originality and genius as the faking of a piano performance on the stage.

One is led to suspect that if these abc's of anthropology had not struck Mr. Basso himself with all the fierce impact of new discovery he would have been clever enough to conceal the fact from his readers. You don't prove Einstein a great mathematician by having him recite the third multiplication table at a birthday party.

Nevertheless, it would be unfair to set Mr. Basso's novel down as a total failure. His sincerity, sense of place, and feeling for drama will beguile those who do not worry greatly about technical deficiencies. As for his overblown style, his quotations from poetry to prove the sensitiveness of a character, his long italicized paragraphs introducing sections of the novel, it is probably enough to remind Mr. Basso of that old saying—*a good wine needs no bush.*

UNACKNOWLEDGMENTS

(for a book of verse)

By Paul H. Oehser

HERE I must state, since I was reared
Always to observe decorum,
None of these poems has appeared
In *Scribner's, Harper's,* or *The Forum;*
And since to truth I'm sycophantic
I must include the great *Atlantic,*
The Mercury, and the *Sat. Eve. Post*
(Here, here, now, I mustn't boast).
With thanks and due humility
I tender them my sympathy.
They will mistake these lowly japes,
I have no doubt, for sour grapes.

Masefield . . .

John Masefield

CONQUER. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 147 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THOSE of us who feel a peculiar fascination in the Byzantine Empire, that world which was so full of passions and yet where the passions seem for some reason as thin and flat as theatrical canvas, will be glad to know that Mr. John Masefield has written a short novel giving an account of a little-known incident at the beginning of the reign of Justinian, the Nika riots, as seen by an eyewitness. It was perhaps begun as a pendant to "Basilissa," the same author's novel of the Empress Theodora of a year or two ago; though for good or ill (and to us it is altogether for good) the style and approach of "Conquer" are entirely different. The Poet Laureate of England has the most bewilderingly diverse collection of styles of any man living; sometimes, as in "In the Mill," he writes a delicate prose, poetic in its sensitivity, yet finely disciplined; sometimes, as in "Basilissa," with a curious mixture of colloquialism and pseudo-archaism; sometimes, as here and in "Dead Ned," with a Defoe-like directness and economy. This directness is of great value in making a coherent and plausible story of this obscure episode, cutting boldly through the contradictions of the ancient authorities and occasionally taking minor liberties with them, taking account of the conjectures of modern scholars and sometimes (though half-heartedly) implying analogies to current events.

What emerges is a rapid and vivid account of how popular indignation

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against an unjust imperial governor was fanned by general discontent and by rival factions to the proportions of a major insurrection, which led to the looting of the city, the firing of the ancient church of Saint Sophia, and the coronation of a rival emperor, a revolt which might have become a successful revolution if it had not been for the determination of Theodora, the military genius of Belisarius, and the good luck of the arrival of some provincial troops at the right moment. Yet the story remains a minor one; it is an event which might have changed the course of history, but didn't, told as it may have happened, or may not. And there is a lack of human interest which is ill replaced by a few flashes of contemporary satire, neither entirely convincing as ancient history nor clearly worked out as modern analogies, as when, in spite of his disclaimer, Mr. Masefield borrows some phrases from a recent cabinet minister for a speech in the imperial senate. It seems to be the fate of those who write fiction of the Eastern Empire that their portraits are as flat and conventionalized as Byzantine icons; neither Justinian nor Theodora nor the old court official who tells the story, nor any one except, for a moment, the unlucky cat's-paw crowned as opposition emperor, ever becomes more than a picture without perspective, painted with boldness of line and brilliance of color, but in the flat, nevertheless.

Franken . . .

THE BOOK OF CLAUDIA. By Rose Franken. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1941. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

MANY novels are written about a woman's life, about love, and marriage and motherhood, and "Claudia" is one more—but with what a difference! "Claudia" has everything that the other novels have of truth and reality, and an infinite wealth of humor and warm life besides. Rose Franken's gift for comedy, and her delicious understanding, turn ordinary details and banal situations into things to be relished and enjoyed. "The Book of Claudia" is the very book that Claudia longed for in vain —"a plain story about ordinary people like herself, with as little description as possible, and a lot of everyday conversation."

The chapters of "The Book of Claudia" are like radio sketches, each one a small and complete entity. Like scenes heard on a radio, they give you a sense of eavesdropping, with something more—a feeling of looking in through lighted windows at people living their lives. Claudia and David, a modern young couple, are exactly right in time and place, down to the last detail of their conversations. They are incredibly real; their cat is real; their dogs and cows and pigs, their servants and their house have the enchanting completeness and imaginative existence of toys or of the theatre.

One can only be grateful for "The Book of Claudia." There is a little too much of it, and before the book is finished, enough is definitely enough; but for certainly more than half the way, one feels delight and enthusiasm.

O'Hara . . .

MY FRIEND FLICKA. By Mary O'Hara. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1941. 349 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

HORSE lovers will like this tale very much. What is more remarkable in a book so full of equines and their ways, the reader-not-interested-in-horses (there should be a portmanteau word to express that) will like it too. There is a human and appealing story here of a boy and his colt, and also an excellent, vigorous description of a Western family and of ranch life in Wyoming. It is a popular combination. A pet story primarily, it has the excitement and flavor of a good Western.

Because it is about a sensitive little boy and his much-loved pet, the book will be compared, inevitably, to "The Yearling." The background in both books is so completely different, however, that there the comparison ends. Mary O'Hara delights in Wyoming, the lay of the land, the blowing wind, the color, the light; and she puts all these things in her book. "The wide loneliness. . . . Grass and animals and sky. You can smell the loneliness. No—it's the emptiness you can smell." She also knows a great deal about horse raising from the practical side, and that, too, is in the book. Birth, death, the age-old factors of heredity and environment provide problems that must be faced in the stable much as they are faced under man's roof. Fortunately she does not sentimentalize the horse too much. She respects his intelligence, and through the words of Rob McLaughlin, the boy's father, she manages to pass on a good deal of sound information about horse nature and horse ways.

It is an amusing fact, however, that next to Flicka and her immediate family, the creature who is most alive in the book is a feline, the McLaughlin's house cat, Pauly.

Mary O'Hara

Unlike many horse-lovers, Mary O'Hara also likes, respects, and is interested in people. All the members of the McLaughlin family are alive,—the capable, practical, sometimes short-tempered father, the agreeable, intuitive mother, the well-adjusted elder son, Howard, and the problem child, Ken.

Ken troubled his parents because he was an absent-minded dreamer who would set about a task and then forget about it. All he wanted in life was a colt of his own. When he got one,—a temperamental, high-strung filly, his adored Flicka, his whole life changed. He had a problem child of his own to look after. As his father said "You'll train her, and she'll train you. I want you to make a good pony out of her. I want her to make a man out of you." That, in effect, is what happened. Ken assumed responsibility and faced life. Running through the book, is a solid, earthy wisdom.

At the end, the author pulls out every emotional stop, for not only is the colt snatched from the jaws of death, but the boy almost dies too. Because her story is exciting enough, she manages to make this piling up of emotion credible. The end is dramatic and would make an excellent moving picture. If there is a talented filly in Hollywood, with a golden-chestnut coat, eyes set far apart, "a bit dish-faced like an Arab," and a beautiful cream-colored mane and tail, and she is looking for a part, why here is an excellent story for her. This is a lively tale in which both horses and men have a great zest for life.

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The Saturday Review
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A POET IN GOVERNMENT

THE appointment of Mr. Archibald MacLeish to the directorship of the Office of Facts and Figures just set up by the President marks a new step in the education of the American people in national affairs, and, by indirection, in world politics. It should make for a more accurate knowledge and intelligent debate of current problems than has ever been possible before. For now at last there will be a bureau of reference to which disparate statements emanating from the departments and agencies of Government concerned with the defense effort can be sent in order to have the wheat separated from the chaff and through which confusion can be resolved from conjecture into fact.

Probably at no time in our history has there been so general an awareness of the portentous decisions that await to be made as today, or so wide a forum of public discussion as now prevails. But curiously, despite the constant debate that wages in the press and on the air, there has seldom been so little certainty as to what the actual course of Government may be, or as to the precise steps which have been taken or are in contemplation by the numerous agencies which have been instituted to put the United States on a defense basis. And strangely, it is not because we are given too little but that we are bombarded with too much news that confusion reigns in the public mind. What indeed is the poor man to believe who on the inside page of his paper finds a Senate Committee at complete variance with the Cabinet official whose statement he has read on the first page, or who finds tucked away in the financial news, data entirely contradicting the facts of a featured news story? He may or may not know that Government departments have almost all of them their press divisions which distribute "handouts" presenting the news from their point of view and which may stress factors quite at variance with those of other agencies. He may not know that the Washington correspondents use these handouts for their own reports, in part, if they are enterprising and can manage to ferret out news for themselves, or in whole if they are less energetic or able. But whether he knows it or not an enormous mass of information, of theory, of wishful thinking is constantly being loosed upon him, and he has hitherto had no referent to enable him to arrive at a judgment based on precise and concrete data. It is to make this possible that Mr. MacLeish's office has been established, and he will act as sifter and coördinator of information coming in from all the agencies of Government. By creating this directorship the President intends not to eliminate any of the existing news agencies, but to build "an interdepartmental clearing house" which, by checking the information of one against that of the others, will be able correctly to assess facts and assemble data.

Fortunately for the country, Mr. MacLeish, who has won the admiration even of those who greeted with hostility his appointment to the most coveted library post in the nation, will retain his position as head of the Library of Congress. Poetry, for the time being, will probably lose him. But since he combines in rare degree those qualities which the hour demands, literature must perforce bide its time until those happier days when, the sword once more in its scabbard, he can return to the pen. A. L.

The Vision in the Meadow

By Josiah Titzell

What was a staring, bell-hung cow
is but a white-boned memory now.

BEYOND the sill the green world stirs
and opens arms of afternoon;
in every field an insect whirs
and autumn will come soon.

Yet ever will the mind's-eye see
this leaf-turned day, this fire of sun,
as turning backwards it can see
that day when Spring has just begun

and eager summer spreads her skirts,
or further back when winter thaws,
back when the junko, snow-bound, flirts
among the lilac's empty claws.

For in the skull of tree and root
the junko sees the shining eye
that mirrors time, he hears the flute
of hearts that dreaming never die.

He knows the moment, rich and rare,
is sister to some yesterday
that still is beating in the air;
time turns, friend cow, but not away.

Oh junko, skipping in the past,
like you we see and, christened, know
this moment is not first or last,
that in the Spring your earth of snow

is spilled into the thirsty brook
and drawn again into the sky,
is read again from cycle's book
to fill again the loving eye

of junko and the under-stone,
of boy and girl and house and leaf,
of empty skull and marrowed bone;
the only thing that dies is grief.

The past shall be the future now,
as these white bones are still the cow.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Author Agrees!

SIR:—It occurs to me that you might, for a change, like some comment from an author on a review of his book, which is not in the usual acrimonious vein of such communications addressed to editors of literary reviews. I should like to say not only that I am delighted with Mr. Rothman's review of my "Jacob" in the *Saturday Review* of October 11, but why it pleases me so much.

When I began writing "Jacob" I was, of course, not unaware that Thomas Mann in the first volume of his Joseph series had already treated some of the same basic Biblical material as I was using. Nevertheless I was—as the reviewer in the *New Yorker* magazine has put it almost reproachfully—"undaunted"; and this despite the fact that I have long been a devoted reader and student of Thomas Mann's works and consider him unquestionably the greatest writer of our times. For it no more occurred to me that Mann's having used that Biblical subject in his own inimitable way constituted what the *New Yorker's* reviewer has called an "enormous handicap" any more than any artist of the Renaissance would have thought he was handicapped in painting or carving his own vision of the Madonna or Pieta because, say, Da Vinci or Michelangelo had already treated the subject he had in mind.

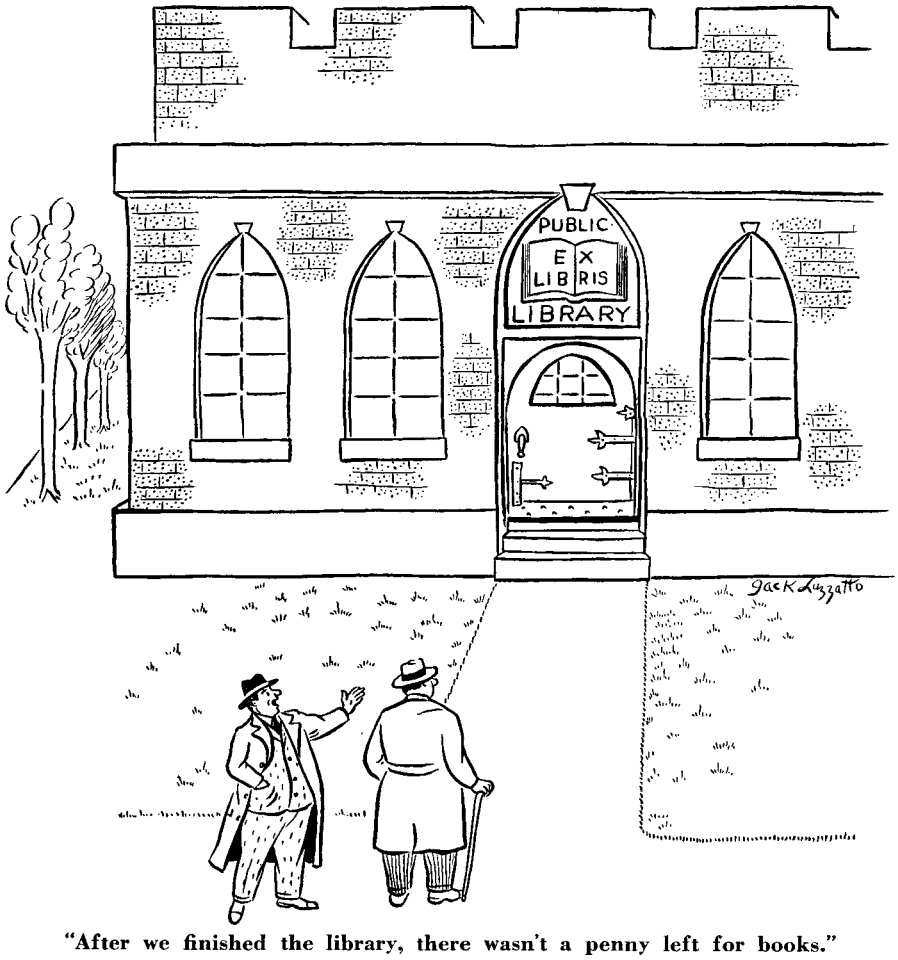
What I liked particularly, therefore, about Mr. Rothman's review of "Jacob" was that he seemed to take it for granted that there was no good reason why I should not have chosen to treat a subject already treated by another novelist, and spent his time pointing out how two such visions of a classic subject may validly have their difference of form and significance as well as their individual and distinctive virtues.

There is one statement however in his review to which I should like to take a partial exception. (No, Mr. Rothman, you just can't please a writer perfectly.) In commenting on the autobiographical form of my "Jacob" he says: "The defect of this method is the irresistable suction with which it draws into the book the author himself." Far from denying Mr. Rothman's keen perception of the effect of the autobiographical form in fiction I wish to state unequivocally that I deliberately chose that form because I wanted not merely to be drawn but to pour myself into this book—at least that part of my spirit in which I felt closest to Jacob as to all men of sensibility in their wrestling with life as they find it.

So that, when Mr. Rothman finally posed the question, "Was this Jacob"? and answered, "Such a question has no bearing upon the value of the book which is not history but artifice" and went on to say precisely what the book meant, I experienced that rare and unspeakable pleasure known only to those of us who, having struggled with words for true communication, are rewarded with the miracle of true understanding.

IRVING FINEMAN.

Shaftsbury, Vt.



"After we finished the library, there wasn't a penny left for books."

Information, Please

SIR:—I am engaged upon a life of Catherine Mansfield which I hope will be of use to those who are interested in her work. I am anxious to receive letters or other unpublished material from anyone who knew her, her friends, or her family; or who has collected information about her. Everything will be most carefully treated, returned promptly, and credit will be given to the owner.

ELIZABETH WHARTON.

North Plain, Conn.

"Black Lamb and Grey Falcon"

SIR:—Louis Adamic might well be thought the one literary man in America best able to appreciate Rebecca West's book on his homeland, "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon." In his long and interesting review he undoubtedly tried to do it full justice. He has, however, the specialist's point of view, and this may perhaps account for his differences of opinion with an author who was plainly an outsider without any axes to grind. In this connection it might be interesting to reprint for your readers Rebecca West's comment on Mr. Adamic's own book, "The Native's Return," given in her annotated bibliography, page 1157:

> "A study by a Slovene who had emigrated to America. It is written from the Communist point of view of that date, and is lively and interesting, particularly in passages that relate to Slovenia. But the picture of the country as a whole is over-simplified, and, oddly enough, although strongly pro-Croat greatly irritated the Croats by what they thought to be its expatriate, non-Slav attitude."

A. ABINGDON.

New York, N. Y.

O. Henry?

SIR:—I seem to turn to my old love, the *SRL,* for any real aid in my want of details. You did it for me once or twice before, so I write you again, emboldened by your former kindness.

Where in Shakespeare is the line "the thief steals most from himself?" I have read it, but now cannot find it in any concordance I have used. I am sure you, or one of your *S.* experts will recall it, for my help.

W. F. OTTARSON.

38 East 81st St.
New York.

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The Macmillan Company

EDITH M. STERN

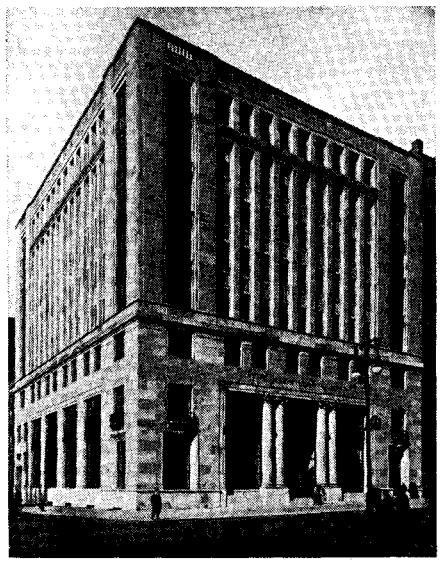
THE Macmillan Company is to book publishing as the Mayo Clinic to medicine: vast, eminent, comprehensive, yet so departmentalized, so broken down into specialties and specialists that its books, authors, and customers get expert and intensive treatment. Consider, for example, the sales therapy given "The Secretary's Handbook," by S. A. Taintor and K. M. Monro. Published at the somewhat formidable price of three-fifty, the usual advertising sent it to only 2,000 copies during its first half year. One hundred more copies dribbled out in the course of the next few months, and the book seemed slated for a maximum of 300-400 annual sales. Secretaries must be made aware of its existence, the sales staff decided. How to reach them? They weren't listed in any directory . . . But their bosses were, and secretaries open the boss's mail. To a selected list of business and professional men went letters beginning DON'T FIRE YOUR SECRETARY, proceeding to the effect, "Instead, buy her 'The Secretary's Handbook' and she'll improve." Next month, sales leaped to 15,000: today, the handbook is in the six-figure class. Similarly, "Getting Ready to Be a Mother" died at 2,500, and was revitalized to 70,000 when girls two to four years out of college were circularized.

The giant concern which occupies, exclusively, a spacious, high-ceilinged, eight-story office building at 60 Fifth Avenue; which once seriously contemplated putting its stock boys on roller skates; which has an active list of 16,000 titles and each year publishes almost twice as many books as its nearest competitor, is no mere mass print-producer. The huge whole is the sum of its departments, and each department is so subdivided that Macmillan, virtually, is a federation of smaller publishing houses, some of them so decentralized that they have not only sovereign editors and advertising managers, but their own sales staffs.

The firm was the first general publishing house, for instance, to establish a separate juvenile department. Doris S. Patee, who heads it, has full responsibility for editing, manufacturing, publicizing, and selling boys' and girls' books that run, quantitatively, to twenty-five titles a year and an active list of 1,000; qualitatively, to ringing the Newberry Medal bell five times.

The religious book department has nurtured best sellers like Lewis Browne's "This Believing World" and Henry C. Link's "The Return to Religion," as well as volumes on religious education and on theology. Over the self-contained medical department presides keen, decisive, white-haired J. Norris Myers, with Macmillan since 1908. The sizeable current catalogue of *Macmillan Books in Medicine, Public Health and Allied Fields* is indexed under no fewer than thirty-three headings, ranging from Pathology to Health Books for the Layman, from Social Sciences to Biography. For the laity there are such publications as "Doc's Wife," an autobiography; "Growing Up," a How-to-tell-the-children, and "What Shall I Eat?" For the profession, and for medical students, there are standard tomes, treatises, and textbooks. Mr. Myers is zestful in pioneering, and his record in spotting what's both new and sound is good. Long ago he foresaw dermatology as a part of clinical medicine. He ventured early into the fields of nursing and public health. At the moment he's enthusiastic about a revolutionary approach to pharmacology, as given to the profession in "The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics."

Almost as personally governed is another one of the United Provinces of Macmillan: Outdoor Books. Wellmer Pessels, its editor, University of Texas M. A., alumna of the late *Pictorial Review,* has boxes and butter tubs burgeoning on the roof of the brownstone house in which she lives. Editorially, her jurisdiction is wider than her hobby of gardening, for just as non-fiction means everything but novels and short stories, so, in Macmillanese, outdoors covers anything extra-mural, whether it be agriculture or sports. Miss Pessels's wheel within the Macmillan wheel touches over 500 books, some erudite like the three-volume "Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture," some popular as "The Secret to Par Golf" with 380 photographs elucidating the secret; some as specialized as "The Pruning-Manual" and "Beekeeping" and some as elementary and general as "The Garden Clinic."



60 Fifth Ave., New York

More common among publishers is a separation between trade and textbook sections. Macmillan's makes this usual cleavage—plus. Its textbook business is gargantuan, accounting for more than sixty per cent of the gross, and one of its authors draws $40,000 annually in royalties. But big units are broken up into little units, in a manner reminiscent of Swift's *ad infinitum* fleas. College textbooks are one of the two main divisions in the great textbook realm that might otherwise be ungovernable. "Educational" is the other, and that comprises subdivisions as fine as Elementary, High School, Private School, and Parochial School texts.

Occupying the first floor is the general trade department. Its strands are drawn together by Editor-in-Chief and Vice-President Harold S. Latham, and it is subtly permeated by his personality and the accumulated wisdom of his thirty-two years with the firm. The company is unsentimental about its past, cherishes no nostalgic mementos, no file of memorabilia; and on every phase of my inquiries I got more "Ask Mr. Latham's" than printed material. But even Mr. Latham is a specialist, and his predilection is fiction. He likes to discover new writers, to help shape and develop them. It was he who went on a trip to Atlanta—you remember?—and encouraged an author named Margaret Mitchell—you remember?—and brought home a manuscript—you remember?—which was published as "Gone with the Wind." It had quite a sale. You may remember that, too.

That famous Atlanta trip was simply part of a regular routine. Annually, since 1934-35, H. S. Latham has explored the United States from coast to coast in search of manuscripts. If he has borne home no Steinbecks or Hemingways, he says, that isn't his fault. Stark, "modern" writers have an erroneous idea that Macmillan is, by policy, conservative: they forget the quondam shockers, like May Sinclair's "Mary Olivier" and Robert Herrick's "Together" under its imprint, remember only its Mary Ellen Chases and Rachel Fields. He'd like to meet

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a radical with a first-rate script: he likes to meet anyone with an idea for a novel! In Chicago, on his last trip, for three days he had appointments every ten minutes. Almost lost in the crowd was Dr. Newton George Thomas, a man of sixty-five, who shyly proffered a novel upon which he had been working for thirty years. The script, "The Long Winter Ends," hasn't been lost. It has gone into three printings before publication. In Louisville, on the same trip, Mr. Latham was tipped off by a writing friend that a brilliant woman, Barbara Anderson, must have something to show, and he arranged to meet her. At first she denied the existence of any manuscript; then, of a completed script; then, of a carbon. Finally he pried from her the manuscript of "The Days Grow Cold" which has become a Literary Guild selection. Auctorial coyness tends to disappear in the face of Mr. Latham's extractive qualities—a fresh enthusiasm, a genial and sympathetic charm.

HIS assistant, James Putnam, who came to his present position by way of teaching at Cornell and working in Macmillan's College Department, has charge of non-fiction, especially in fields of economics and current affairs. Lois Dwight Cole (who, with her husband Allan Taylor, under the pseudonym of Allan Dwight, writes historical fiction for older boys and girls) concentrates editorially on biography and murder stories. Theodore Purdy, who has just returned from a publishing good-will trip to South America, interviews the stream of manuscript-bearing writers and would-be writers familiar to every publishing house, and passes judgment on poetry, translations, and books on music.

Promotional functions are as differentiated as editorial. Leslie Grinnell, trade publicity, has just replaced Rosa E. Hutchinson, who retired for a life of leisure in the country after twenty years with Macmillan. Miss Grinnell has six assistants: with Macmillan's publishing six to eighteen books every Tuesday, and the fall trade list the largest in its history, none of them is idle. One little task of the publicity section is sending out a daily sheet of news notes. Advertising is a quite separate department, with offices four floors above. Selling is the province of Alexander J. Blanton, trade sales manager for the past decade, after a background of retail bookselling.

Most Macmillan executives have come to their present posts not full-fledged from similar ones elsewhere, but by promotion from within. George P. Brett, Jr., President, though the third of his family to head the firm, follows this pattern. He began work as a stock boy in 1913, and passed through clerking, managing the credit office, working for a year in the Chicago office, and serving as head of sales before he assumed his present duties. Quick-speaking, unpretentious, Mr. Brett gets his fun out of today's job and puts no aura about an impressive heritage. Grandfather George Edward Brett, in 1869, opened an agency for the sale of the books of Macmillan & Company, London, in a two room office in Bleecker Street. Father George Platt Brett created the independent American company in 1890 and brought it through a chaotic period when the trade had not yet adapted itself to the international copyright law that had just been passed. Early on the American firm's list came "The Beauties of Nature," "A Treatise on the Theory of Functions" and, also, a title destined for longer life—Bryce's "American Commonwealth." In 1908 the Macmillan Company moved to 66 Fifth Avenue, in 1925 to its present larger quarters. At that time someone had the bright idea that it would be well to have the president's residence connected with the office, and a passageway was built from the Macmillan building to the Brett house at 11 West 12th Street. "Just 125 feet from desk to bed," Mr. Brett says ruefully, when he refers to "The Executive Mansion"; he prefers living at his Connecticut home.

Unlike his ubiquitous father, he prefers, too, restricting his activities to the business end of publishing, and rendering unto editors the things that are editors'. His younger brother, Richard M. Brett, treasurer, after having spent some years in banking, now directs the company's service departments. Though the Macmillan Company is Brett-founded, Brett-developed, and Brett-headed, it is by no means a family firm. Most of the executives are stockholders and directors, and endowed with a large measure of power.

George P. Brett

For all its diversity and complexity, however, the Macmillan staff is unifiedly and soberly dedicated to one cause: the business of publishing and selling books. There are few byways on the company's smooth road through prosperity—no magazine, little stunt promotion. Only once has Macmillan's run a prize contest: that was for a gardening book in 1940, with "Plants in the Home" as the winner. The bookstore opening from the main entrance is primarily a display device, secondarily a retail business; it carries Macmillan books exclusively. The library on the second floor, stocked with 13,000 active Macmillan titles in various editions, is a working library, not designed to impress the public, but for staff use.

Shelves of both library and bookstore hold an impressive number of standard steady-sellers—"Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences," Westermarck's "History of Human Marriage," Moulton's "Modern Reader's Bible," Wells's "Outline of History," the works of Charles and Mary Beard. In backlist fiction Owen Wister's "The Virginians," Jack London's "The Call of the Wild," Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvel" and "The Inside of the Cup," and Hémon's "Maria Chapdeleine" still sell thousands of copies annually. The twentieth century poetry renaissance lives on substantially in the works of Edgar Lee Masters, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Vachel Lindsay.

From branch offices in Boston, Chicago, Atlanta, Dallas, and San Francisco; from agencies in London, the Philippines, Hawaii, Japan, Australia, India, and Canada, Macmillan books are distributed. It's Big Business, far-flung: so extensive that it is, *par excellence*, intensive.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Bassanio, in "The Merchant of Venice," by William Shakespeare.
2. Ralph D. Spencer, alias Jimmy Valentine, in "A Retrieved Reformation," by O. Henry.
3. "The Picture of Dorian Gray," by Oscar Wilde.
4. Ernest Pontifex, in "The Way of All Flesh," by Samuel Butler.
5. Montgomery Brewster, in "Brewster's Millions," by George Barr McCutcheon.
6. Wilkins Micawber, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
7. Eliza Doolittle, in "Pygmalion," by George Bernard Shaw.
8. "Trilby," by George DuMaurier.
9. Theophilus Godall, formerly Prince Florizel, in "New Arabian Nights," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
10. Merton Gill, in "Merton of the Movies," by Harry Leon Wilson.

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Casey . . .

I CAN'T FORGET. By Robert J. Casey. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1941. 339 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

IF I were asked to name the most competent craftsman in the field of foreign correspondence, my unhesitating choice would be that amiable, redoubtable Irishman, Robert J. Casey, of the *Chicago Daily News*, whose "I Can't Forget" makes the first sixteen months of this war equally unforgettable to us.

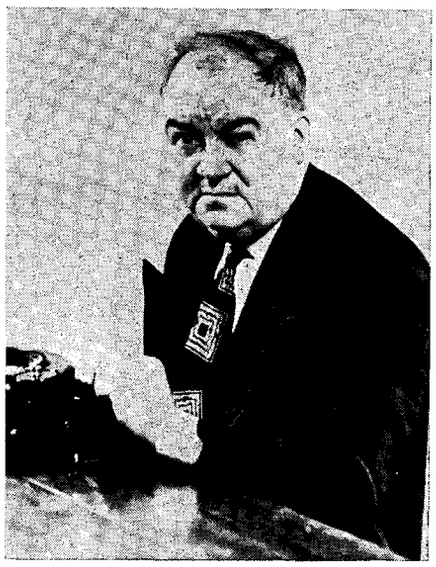
"The trouble with a book like this," says Casey, in abruptly concluding his magnificently written personal narrative, "is that there's never any end to it."

I say—and I am firmly convinced that every reader of it will agree—that the trouble with "I Can't Forget" is that there *is* an end to it. And if Bob Casey doesn't pick up where he left off—in the Grand Hotel at Lagos, Nigeria, one sultry day last January—and tell us what he saw and felt and thought about during six subsequent months of wandering through Africa, the Near and Middle East and India, he certainly will be neglecting an admiring and hungry audience.

Casey and Leland Stowe flew the Atlantic together early in September, 1939, and Bob went immediately to his World War I haunts. During the next 16 months—much of the time as a prowling lone wolf indifferent to bureaucratic restrictions and even accusations of espionage—he lived amidst confusion that was like a bad dream—in France and Luxembourg, Holland and Belgium, Spain and Portugal, England and Ireland.

But he is able to look "back into that muddle of blood and suffering and death and mistrust and blithe incompetence" and paint pictures that are clear and indelible—highlighted with irony that is as piercing as a rapier; sarcasm as sharp as a razor; humor as infectious as the bubonic plague; and sympathy as caressing as an adoring sweetheart's hands.

Casey makes you live with the miserable people with whom he fraternized for months—people whose faces reflected "lost hope, lost pride, lost honor, and the gnawing fear that merciful death might not come soon enough"—people stupified by defeat born of treachery. He makes you resent—as he resented—the censorship and bureaucracy suffering from "mental blindness"; general French incompetence, except for the French soldiers themselves, who "were men without fear"; the "weird patriotism of French politicians" which contributed so importantly to the downfall of France. He makes you hear the death-promising sounds of explosives, while "crops of goose pimples" come out all over you, as, he confesses, they invariably did with him, despite long and intimate experience with war. He makes you participate in battles in which he saw only airplanes and armored cars and tanks—never the face of a soldier. Tank battles, he says, were as "fantastic as a film I once saw showing dinosaurs and similar monsters clawing one another to death in a lost world." And he makes you endure the terrific battering of London and appreciate the "indestructible" people of Britain.



"Bob" Casey

As you might expect from a Celt with the name of Casey, wartime life had its brighter moments, with which the author deals whimsically and frequently irreverently. Just for example: no more classic story of this or any war has ever been written than Casey's account of his and Walter Kerr's taxicab journey from Luxembourg through the Siegfried Line without any military authority at all.

Bored with the Sitzkrieg war, this precious pair had their Luxembourg porter ring up a porter friend in the nearby German border town of Treve and rent a taxicab, then they presented themselves and their passports to German border officials at the bridge over the Moselle and were cordially passed into Germany. Thereafter, Casey and Kerr spent "a pleasant day looking over the (Nazi) troops, Gestapo, and other educational exhibits of Mr. Hitler's country," thanks to their German taxi driver who drove them leisurely in and out of artillery-mounted concrete emplacements and anti-aircraft batteries and pill boxes and tank traps.

Any review of "I Can't Forget" can honestly be boiled down to two and a half words: "It's terrific."

Kim San . . .

SONG OF ARIRAN. By Kim San and Nym Wales. New York: The John Day Company. 1941. 258 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

IN many respects, this is one of the most unusual personal records to come out of the Far East during recent years. At Yenan, in the summer of 1937, Kim San—one of the three chief younger leaders of the Korean revolutionary movement—told his life story to Nym Wales (Mrs. Edgar Snow). He asked her not to publish the material for two years, after which he hoped to be back in Manchuria among the Korean partisans engaged in guerrilla warfare against the Japanese.

Kim San's biography is a unique human document. It is much more than a mere record of events, although he has crowded the experiences of several life-times into the space of three decades. It is also a revealing account, often painfully intimate, of the mental processes and heart-searchings of a Korean patriot, revolutionary, and exile. The Song of Ariran, a traditional Korean folk song of imprisonment, exile, and national humiliation, symbolizes his own career. He was born on a mountain in the middle of a battlefield in the Russo-Japanese War, when the Korean villagers had fled from the Japanese advance. At the age of fourteen, after a brief student period in Tokyo, he ran away to Manchuria to join his exiled countrymen. From Manchuria he drifted to Shanghai, then a center of the Korean nationalist movement; later, during four years' medical study in Peking, he joined the Communist movement.

In his maturer years, he was closely associated with some of the most dramatic episodes of the Chinese Revolution. He went to Canton in 1925; in December, 1927, he escaped almost by a miracle from the disastrous revolutionary uprising known as the Canton Commune. His detailed inside story of the Commune, and of the crushing of the first Chinese Soviets in the Hailofeng region of Kwangtung province, constitutes a valuable contribution to our historical knowledge of these events. After 1927 he twice fell into the hands of the Japanese police, but each time managed to secure his release. Now thirty-six years old, he is probably active in the leadership of the Korean volunteers in Manchuria, although his exact whereabouts is unknown.

T. A. Bisson is the author of "Japan in China," published by the Macmillan Company.

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Mowrer . . .

ARREST AND EXILE. The True Story of an American Woman in Poland and Siberia: 1940-1941. *By Lillian T. Mowrer. New York: William Morrow & Co.* 274 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NYM WALES

OLGA KOCHANSKA, now safe in Chicago, the city where she was born, was arrested by Soviet police in Lemberg, Poland, on June 29, 1940, and transported to a work camp in Siberia. She had applied for an American passport in Lemberg, but this did not arrive for six months, during which time she was held prisoner by the Soviets.

In Washington Mrs. Kochanska told her story to the wife of the noted foreign correspondent, Edgar Mowrer, herself author of a volume entitled "Journalist's Wife," and a woman who knows the European scene from first-hand observation. She has made the third-person narrative vividly dramatic and alive. In its well-written pages you feel the atmosphere of the Siberian work camp almost as intimately as if you were one of the unfortunate prisoners.

Though it seems almost trivial at this moment to dwell too much upon the minor sufferings of one individual who was highly uncomfortable but never in serious danger, when millions of men are being killed and hundreds of thousands of women in Asia and Europe are being driven across whole war-torn continents without protection or help, and thrown on their own resources in order to keep alive (beside which Mrs. Kochanska's work camp seems almost a haven of refuge), this story is of special interest from two angles. It is first of all a unique study of the reactions of an American middle-class woman to this type of imprisonment, for few American women have as yet had experiences in either Soviet, Fascist, or any other kind of concentration camp; and secondly, it is a sensitive psychological study of professional Polish and Jewish exiles under duress, obliged to stain their hands with hard manual labor for the first time.

We spoiled and soft Americans are notoriously unable to move about without Flit, private baths, upholstery, and inner spring mattresses—things totally unknown to half the world's population. And we American women tend always to be sob-sisters, especially about the little comforts. Mrs. Kochanska and Mrs. Mowrer are rather typical in this. Herself a musician, born into a prosperous physician's family, and widow of a famous Polish violinist, Mrs. Kochanska is a person of sensitive and decisive middle-class consciousness. Intensely anti-Soviet, and despising the inferior, ignorant clods, as she regarded her jailers, she could never quite understand why they enjoyed watching the exiles getting calloused at hard work,

Lillian Mowrer

rather than asking her to teach music lessons. "Why should you *not* suffer?" her guard said. "We have been suffering so for twenty-two years." This book is her revenge. "Keep alive . . . get back to civilization . . . find Johnny (her grown son) . . . That was her plan. Nor had she any intention of letting them silence her. 'For how many will get out alive to tell the tale?' . . ."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

"I KNEW HIM WHEN . . . "

Quoted below are things the neighbors might have said (and probably did) about ten of literature's well-known characters at certain times in their lives. Allowing 5 points if you recognize the person being talked about, and another 5 if you recall the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 13.

1. "He's a big shot now, but before he married that blonde heiress from Belmont he owed everybody in town. Women always go for those phonies . . ."
2. "Crooks sometimes do reform. One of the slickest safe-crackers I ever knew is running a shoe store . . . and has married the banker's daughter."
3. "Queer, isn't it, how he always looks the same? Those stories about his scandalous dissipations can't be true: his face would show it if they were."
4. "Remember that time, just after he'd been ordained, that he mistook a respectable young lady for a prostitute and got six months in gaol for attempted assault? And now he's a successful author!"
5. "Since he inherited that million dollars less than a year ago he's been spending money like a drunken sailor. If he keeps on at this rate he'll soon wind up without a cent to his name."
6. "They say that back in the Old Country he spent most of his time in debtor's prison, but since he's come to Australia he's a new man. He gets my vote for magistrate."
7. "Oh, I'll admit that she can *talk* like a duchess, since Higgins has been training her. But does that make her one? No. She's still a flower peddler, and not even good for that anymore."
8. "She used to be an artist's model and poor as a church mouse, but since that Jew has been training her she's the most talked-of singer in Europe."
9. "It must be quite a comedown—from being the Prince of Bohemia to the proprietor of a tobacco shop. But he doesn't mind."
10. "Do I know him? The movie actor? Why, he used to wait on me every Saturday night right here in Gashwiler's store."

True psychological insight

Now, Voyager

BY OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY

"ONE gets to know and to like and believe in these people. As though they were friends, there is both suspense and satisfaction in watching them work out the freedom which is hardest to attain—the freedom of peace with one's self. Undoubtedly more than a little psychological knowledge underlies this portrait of New Englanders, but so natural and unassuming is Mrs. Prouty's wisdom, so ready her humor, that the book is neither a 'study' nor a costume piece but a very readable and not easily forgotten story." — *New York Herald Tribune* $2.50

A national best seller

HOUGHTON-MIFFLIN-COMPANY

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Latin-Americana

LATIN AMERICA. By William Lytle Schurtz. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1941. 378 *pp.* $3.75.

LANDS OF NEW WORLD NEIGHBORS. By Hans Christian Adamson. New York: Whittlesey House. 1941. 593 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by KATHERINE RODELL

MR. SCHURTZ'S book has many merits which the recent crop of Latin American "interpretations," many of them the fruit of a mere six-week's acquaintance with the southern continent, necessarily lack. His is a book of facts, as assembled from his own explorations and researches, carefully checked, and set down in a dispassionate record. There is little that is new here, but the book does what the excellent Royal Institute study of South America did a few years ago in assembling much relevant and scattered information. The reader who wants to view with alarm the Nazi menace, or who seeks a glib answer to the question of what we should do about Latin America, will be dissatisfied with Mr. Schurtz. The facts are all there, but the reader will have to work out the answers for himself.

It is perhaps a pity that a man of Mr. Schurtz's wide knowledge and understanding should elect to keep his own apparently liberal and informed point of view so much in the background. While he is to be commended for such restraint in these days, when everyone who has taken a Caribbean cruise is a self-constituted authority on Latin American affairs, his opinions would unquestionably be worth listening to. But Mr. Schurtz simply set down all the information he considered useful, and then stopped abruptly, with no attempt to sum up, or to draw any conclusions. There is, however, only one real criticism to be made of Mr. Schurtz's book, and I set it down with regret, for it is difficult to have to report that a book so excellent is at the same time so dull.

"Lands of New World Neighbors," by H. C. Adamson, is a collection of brief accounts of the discovery, exploration, and early history of all the lands in the Western Hemisphere, including the United States. It is written in the self-consciously easy style often employed in an attempt to dramatize history for children. Any self-respecting travel folder contains much of the material here presented, while the "World Almanac," in a fraction of the space, contains much more that is valuable and significant. Those who want to gild their dinner-table conversation with the names of a few conquistadores will perhaps find it useful.

It is unfortunate for the cause of inter-American understanding that, with a very few exceptions, most of the new books on Latin America fall into the category of the superficial but readable, or that of the sound but dull. For this the publishers must take their share of the blame, either because they know so little of Latin America that the most casual observations appear to them profound and newsworthy, or because they feel that the public interest is such that uninspired but factual work will get by.

It is also true, however, that the caliber of the writers who have chosen to investigate Latin America is lamentably low. No one has yet surpassed Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle" as a travel book, while Bryce's "Observations and Impressions" is worth a dozen of the books produced by the "good will" travelers of the last ten years; and the blind Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" still stands head and shoulders above all the Latin American histories that have since been written. Surely it is not too much to ask that both publishers and authors try to measure up to the standards of the past, even if they cannot surpass them, and that they foster, rather than take advantage of, the genuine public desire really to understand our Southern neighbors.

Katherine Rodell is the author of "South American Primer."

THE *Nation Announces*

the formation of a Board of Contributing Editors consisting of five distinguished liberal writers and thinkers: *Norman Angell, Jonathan Daniels, Louis Fischer, Reinhold Niebuhr, and J. Alvarez del Vayo.* The new board will work closely with the magazine's regular staff in maintaining those standards which have made *The Nation* America's leading liberal weekly since 1865.

— Coming Features —

THE UNDISCOVERABLES—A book serial of fictional vignettes recording life in a Sicilian village under the impact of war and fascism. ***by Ralph Bates***

WHAT HAPPENED TO PRUSSIANISM?—A discussion of the relations between Nazism and the main flow of German history based on current literature on the subject. ***by Reinhold Niebuhr***

DEFENSE AND AFTER—A survey in three parts that will be the first complete outline of the new economic world being created by the national defense program. ***by Alden Stevens***

THE LITTLE CAPITALS—A series of reports from state capitals to remind you there are other political centers besides Washington, London, Moscow, Berlin, or Tokio. ***by Jonathan Daniels***

THE AMERICAN STATE DEPARTMENT—A full-length study of the men and policies of the most important arm of the government of the United States today. An extended series. ***by I. F. Stone***

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War and Integration

THE IMPACT OF WAR: OUR AMERICAN DEMOCRACY UNDER ARMS. By Pendleton Herring. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1941. 300 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST R. DUPUY

THE most remarkable thing about this book is the depth of understanding which Professor Herring has displayed in discussing things military from the only viewpoint which gives a correct perspective —the interrelationship of war with other factors of economics and government in our nation. For several years past the American Military Institute has been urging the mutual education of soldiers and statesmen, each in the others' profession; as corollary, such education, applied in our scholastic institutions, would bring about a more complete understanding of a problem which cannot be solved by scrutiny of any one of its components alone.

Professor Herring's study of our American democracy under arms over a 150-year span does just this. The book, thinks this reviewer, is vital to a realization of what steps democracy in arms must take in totalitarian war.

The author's pungent pen cracks down on irrational thinkers from the beginning. "That men have regarded war as evil is no reason for refusing to consider it as fact. . . . We have been unable to distinguish between the need for military efficiency and the evils of war. Consequently, to express disapproval of war, we have neglected our defenses. An ineffective army thus became a sign of peace."

The failure of both the military and the civilian mind to meet on common ground throughout our history is well brought out. "A regular establishment could not be maintained on a scale sufficient for war purposes. On the other hand, under the militia clause of the Constitution, these forces were so circumscribed that they could not be relied upon for the unseen contingencies of actual war."

Discussing fully and freely the causes of insularity on both sides, Professor Herring remarks:

> It would be unfair to hold the military solely responsible for such conditions which are, after all, the price we pay for the subordination of the professional soldier and the limitation of his field. In peace time experimentation seems unduly expensive. We cannot criticize the military for lacking experience since it has been our constant effort to prohibit him from having any such opportunities. We have never adequately prepared in advance for war.
>
> Although much has been made of the "military mind," it is only fair to acknowledge that we might with equal aptness, talk of the "civilian mind" in relation to war and military affairs. . . . Present-day critics cannot blame our army leadership alone for what they conceive to be the short-comings of our system. Many of these publicists were not heard from until very recently. Now an aroused public is ready to fall upon any scapegoat.

It is unfortunate that Professor Herring, in his analysis of the United States Military Academy, does not appear to have taken full advantage of the West Point gates, which swing open hospitably to all interested in its objectives and curriculum. As a result his criticism falls somewhat short of the point. But he has caught, as so many amateurs in the Army game have not, the fundamentals of West Point training, when he discusses the relationship of the officer to his men and the necessity for the care of those men. "Soldierly virtues go far deeper than the rules of military etiquette; the spirit of the service cannot be achieved in a brief officer-training course. It is not enough to be hard-boiled."

Congress, in its relationship to the Army, gets some severe jolts. "Our military policy," says Herring, "has been confused and contradictory. . . . Hence our military leaders have lacked the basis required for long-range plans of defense. . . . There is no single point at which Congressional responsibility heads up directly for relations with the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, or the President as commander in chief. . . . In the face of such formalized irresponsibility, our professional soldiers find it impossible to get that broad, general policy which theoretically forms their basis for planning." And again—" . . . in the spring of 1939 the Military Establishment Appropriation Bill was not seriously debated in the House. . . . With Europe under arms and war about to break loose, the House as our representative assembly concerned itself with other matters."

After surveying industrial mobilization in the World War, the author swings down through what he terms the "decades of divided purposes, 1919-1939," touches on the present defense program, and in scholarly and interesting fashion discusses the influence of war in general on society. He closes with a chapter, "Traditional Values and New Imperatives," in which he handles the American picture without gloves. "To insist upon the perfection of our own social and economic institutions before meeting external threats," he bluntly states, "is like insisting that we abolish sin before driving away the thieves who are rifling the church poor box. Democracy, like virtue, must be unceasingly sought; it is not something that can be captured and held eternally safe thereafter." He points out that "when we fought the Kaiser we defeated the past; to conquer Hitler is to prevent a Nazi stamp on the shape of things to come." And he lays the cards on the table with the statement: "The question today is what nations are to take the lead in building a new world. The Nazis repudiate the past. The democracies fight to preserve the known values of the past, while trying to meet the problems of the future."

There is a ring of bugles in the author's credo: "Democracy, as the highest form of social life, holds the highest expectations of each man's capacity to coöperate with his fellows. This is the *duty* of all those who would live in a free country. . . . Today new demands are being made. They provide not simply a challenge but an opportunity as well for reasserting through action the duties of citizenship."

The book is well documented by a copious bibliography, and has an adequate index.

Sophia

by ST. JOHN ERVINE

"Authors are forever trying to find new twists of plot which will capture the attention of the reader. But there has been nothing more startling than the opening of this story, the heroine of which is dead at the end of the first sentence. Mr. Ervine's latest story is ingratiating and heartwarming. There is much discussion of marriage, progress, tolerance and human nature, sounder and more interesting discussion, it should be added, than can be found in many a less fanciful novel."

—MILTON HINDUS
(N. Y. Herald Tribune)

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THE REVOLUTION IN PUBLICITY

(*Continued from page 4*)

tions. It carried down with it in the United States the ideals of the period, the stuffed shirts, the economic Godhead symbols.

The public needed scapegoats for its own psychological and economic insecurities, and found commerce and industry. In many cases the opprobrium was deserved. The blow, the first few years, to this group was almost a knockout one. But then business found its voice, as one man put it, and a new revolution set in, at first marked by an attempt to reason, persuade, but in its later and present phases marked by a growing recognition of, and determination to work within the realities of the situation, the realities of recognition that what was in the public interest was also in the private interest, a recognition that private profit would increase and respond if the public interest was furthered.

To be sure, the first moves of the Congress of Industry, the National Associated Manufacturers, the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, were efforts to explain and reason, but that was soon followed by persuasion of the deed, a recognition that there is no private business, that all private business is public business; that for democracy to survive, the ideals of democracy—opportunity, security, jobs, economic and political freedoms—are ideals that will have to be met in real terms.

Business had begun, too, to recognize that the factor of morale in its relationships with all of those elements of society upon which it depends was important to the survival both of democracy and of itself. Industrial peace was a conscious effort of all but a few reactionaries and die-hards.

Publicity as applied by the industrial leader was the result either of his engineering approach to the problem of integration, or of dependance upon the disinterested and professional advice of counsel on public relations, aimed always at integration. The new professional developed his attitudes and his advice on the basis of fact-finding research, study, and the application to these of an engineering approach, growing out of a knowledge of the social sciences and experience, and the best available methods for integration. The latter part of this period, too, developed a trend that appeared in many countries — government by publicity. Government publicity agencies multiplied, and applied themselves to both peace time and wartime effort. As an instance, the Office of Government Reports has a personnel of 527 and requests a budget of $1,444,000 for 1942. The Office for the Coördination of Cultural and Commercial Relations among the American Republics requests $7,-331,000 for 1942. The manipulation of symbols—words, pictures, and actions —to affect public attitudes has become a major concern of our government.

Of course, there are abuses in publicity as in every other field, but progress in democratic civilization is not to be evaluated in terms of the abuses that may exist at any moment, but by general advance. Certainly, with the measurement techniques available, you show a chain-store president what his public expects of him in wages and hours, and he will follow if he can, because it is in his interest to do so. It serves both the public and the private interest. This is the enlightened new view towards publicity and public relations.

Public relations is no longer a whitewashing; it no longer pulls the wool over anybody's eyes. Studies of public attitudes indicate public demand. Psychological motives, psychoanalytical techniques, psychology, ethnology, statistics, served as a new foundation for the activity. Added methods, tools—all these have helped to integrate the work of the public relations counsel, and have aided in solving his problems, which, to say the least, had been heightened by world chaos and tragedy. This is not to say that the problems of psychological and economic insecurity are by any means yet solved.

With this background, the responsible counsel on public relations goes about his work as does the industrialist. Whether industry can move fast enough to keep pace with the new demands made upon it by a world torn with economic and psychological insecurity is a question. Certainly the realities of the situation indicate that there is an awakening which if encouraged will keep for us the democratic pattern, enterprise, civil liberties, the "four freedoms," safe from the rigidity of state capitalism of the left or the right.

Edward L. Bernays, "U. S. publicist No. 1," is the author of "Propaganda" "Crystalizing Public Opinion," and "Speak Up for Democracy."

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One Man's Mexico

PATTERN OF MEXICO. By Clifford Gessler. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1941. 442 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by JAMES D. HART

PUBLISHERS have rained down on the heads of an evidently unsatiated public such a storm of books about Mexico that the reader confronted by a new one is likely to dismiss it as just another drop in the torrent, or the final, satisfactory, and complete splash. Mr. Gessler's is neither.

It is, however, a most agreeable account of one man's visit to Mexico, and his sensitive feeling for the people and the place. A vivid outline of Mexican history serves as a prologue to the body of the book, a delightful and perceptive panorama of the Mexican scene. Without becoming sentimental, Mr. Gessler has an obviously delicate and tender appreciation of the country through which he traveled and the people who belong to it. His feeling is illuminated by a relish for odd bits and delightful anecdotes, such as the one about the Labor Day celebration in a small west coast town that had as its theme a protest against the Haymarket Riot that occurred in Chicago a half century ago. Although he follows, in part, the three principal travel routes to Mexico, Mr. Gessler does not restrict himself to what is important from the guide-book point of view nor to the tourist towns, and so the six pages devoted to the self-consciously picturesque Taxco—a "must" for tourists—are no more than those given to Tepic or San Miguel de Allende. Wherever he goes, Mr. Gessler gets at the essence of the place nicely through his impressionistic blending of history, legendary, description, and revealing little dialogues with exemplars of the local spirit. A concluding section of fifty pages is devoted to a more scholarly account of contemporary Mexican problems: economic, racial, religious, social, and political. Another concluding section of forty pages is concerned with the arts of the country from the archaeological sites of Yucatan to the frescoes of Orozco. These divisions in the book are a somewhat mechanical device for combining the sober facts of the student with the charm of the descriptive sketch.

The book contains thirty-two full page illustrations and many smaller sketches by the late E. H. Suydam, although the reader might be willing to forego one of these for a map showing the route of the author.

Keep 'Em Flying

Cecil Lewis, aviator-poet, piloted a fighter in the first world war when the average life-expectancy was three weeks. Selden Rodman, editor of "The Poetry of Flight," finds that Lewis is now commanding a Flying Boat Squadron over the Channel.

Col. William Byrd

THE SECRET DIARY OF WILLIAM BYRD OF WESTOVER, 1709-1712. Edited by Louis B. Wright and Marion Tinling. Richmond: The Dietz Press. 1941. 622 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THAT American literature is rich in diaries of extraordinary human interest is a fact unsuspected by many literary historians, but when one conjures up in memory the diaries and journals of Samuel Sewall, Cotton Mather, Philip Hone, Emerson, J. Q. Adams, Gideon Welles, J. P. Jone (the "Rebel War Clark"), Mrs. Chesnutt, and others of like fascination, one wonders why the textbooks have ignored all but one or two of these documents. To this variegated genre the acuteness of Mrs. Tinling and the erudition of Mr. Wright are now adding an item of first importance, the diary of "Colonel William Byrd of Westover in Virginia, Esquire," to give him his full canorous designation, of which the present volume is the first unit. The diary has lain *perdu* in shorthand, now at length deciphered by Mrs. Tinling. It exists in three portions, one at the Huntington Library (here transcribed), one at the Virginia Historical Society, and one in the University of North Carolina Library. The second portion is apparently of a somewhat scabrous nature

Col. Byrd, the author of "The History of the Dividing Line," is the most human figure in early eighteenth-century Virginia. The publication of an earlier version of this classic, called

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE LAST DOORBELL *John K. Vedder* (Henry Holt: $2.)	Young editor for fly-by-nightish trade magazine plays tag with police in cleaning up some sordid mid-west slayings.	Absorbing inside stuff on operations of shady business journals, galloping action, brisk dialog and plot that is a trifle too tortuous.	High grades
THE BLACK DOOR *Cleve F. Adams* (Dutton: $2.)	Ex-Fed. operative engaged to Cal. heiress cuts way out of murderous net involving narcotics traffic and mysterious master mind.	Lone-wolf hero a pleasant addition to hard-boiled gallery. Yarn is full of action and gore. Ending a bit far-fetched.	O. K.
THE GORGEOUS GHOUL *Dwight V. Babcock* (Knopf: $2.)	"Homicide Hannah" and her friend Joe Kirby solve some very sticky murders and such in San Bernardino valley.	Lives up to fantastic title for tough stuff. Also a well thought-out and forthrightly written yarn with stunning finish.	Tops—in its class
THE SILVER JACKASS *Charles K. Boston* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.)	Quarrelsome, impecunious and resourceful pair of Cal. private 'tecs sail perilously close to wind in solving mine engineer's killing.	Brash and breezy characters, with knack of getting in and out of scrapes, plus good "ghost town" scenery, make things hum.	Lively

THE 9 DARK HOURS

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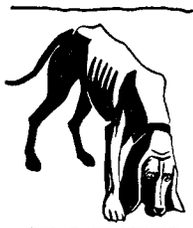

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DUELL, SLOAN and PEARCE

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"The Secret History of the Dividing Line," a good many years ago, revealed him as an even saltier figure than the original text indicated; and the diary confirms the inference. Here is an average entry (March 29, 1711):

> I rose about 7 o'clock and neglected to say my prayers. The Governor made me a compliment and would permit me to go with him no farther, but the Doctor endeavored to persuade me to it. About 9 o'clock I ate boiled beef for breakfast. About 10 I took leave of the Governor and when I had seen him [to] Pamunkey River, I and the gentlemen with me returned and had one of the Major's sons for our guide as far as Mr. Fleming's where we drank abundance of cider but we could not see his pretty daughters because they were gone to a meeting. Mr. Fleming himself went with us to show us the way to the bridge where I took leave of the gentlemen that had been with me to wait on the Governor and I rode by myself home where I arrived about 8 o'clock and found all well, thank God Almighty. I gave Mrs. Russell an account of the Governor's health and of his journey and that the Doctor was to ride on her horse because he had foundered his own which she was very sorry for her. In the evening we drank a bottle of mead and I ate some toast. My gray horse carried me this journey very well and so did Ch-s-r which Bannister rode for he had taken good care of them. I said my prayers and had good health, good thoughts, and good humor, thank God Almighty.

I omit a final item in the entry which convention does not permit to be transcribed in this periodical.

Byrd read Latin, Greek, or Hebrew almost every morning, took some form of calisthenics exercises recorded as "dancing my dance," and before going to bed inventoried his health, his thoughts, and his humor in the presence of God Almighty. His health is of amusing interest, and he mentions with gravity the number of times he took blackroot, epsom salts, or any other purgative, not forgetting also to record the results. If one of the servants angered him, he put that down. Mrs. Byrd seems to have been a lady of somewhat mercurial temperament, whose heights and depths are faithfully sounded in the diary. Meals are registered with unfailing regularity. The comings and goings of visitors and the sailings of vessels for England are of course important, and the diary also affords glimpses of the personal relationships among the members of the colonial government. No published item having to do with Southern history, in fact gives us the day-to-day life of a colonial leader with such intimate fulness.

Comparison with Pepys is inevitable. The same intimacy of revelation, the same unblushing frankness about *personalia,* are common to both men, albeit Byrd generally retains a dignity even in the midst of some of the unconsciously funny passages, which Pepys loses. He is not Pepys, however, and he falls short of his great rival in two particulars: there does not emerge from the Byrd journal a group of personalities comparable to those whom Pepys made vivid (who can forget Deb Willett?); and the monotony of colonial life necessarily restricted the activities of the great Virginian. Indeed, one is constantly reminded how fundamental was the conditioning of Byrd's interests by the environment in which he lived. The concern for health is not that of a hypochondriac but rather the necessary precaution of a responsible business man in an age when doctors were scarce and, even when at hand, ignorant. The punishment of servants was a necessary job, and the record of the comings and goings of men important for business purposes.

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Pacific Northwest

FARTHEST REACH: Washington and Oregon. By Nancy Wilson Ross. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 359 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

THE first white men to look at the Pacific Northwest were Lewis and Clark. They were impressed. They told President Jefferson that they had claimed for the United States a land of mighty peaks and limitless horizons. All the people who have looked at the region since have been similarly stirred. Viscount Bryce said it was the most gripping part of America. President Roosevelt has called it our last frontier.

Nancy Wilson Ross has written a book which captures both the spirit and the physical outlines of this final wilderness. Any visitor to Washington and Oregon will do well to put a copy of "Farthest Reach" in his suitcase. He will find it more useful than an atlas. It will tell him where to go, how to get there, what to see upon arriving, and whom to talk with about what he has seen. "Farthest Reach" does what the WPA Guides set out to do, but in a more dramatic, more concise, and readable form.

Nothing that is worthwhile in the Northwest has been overlooked. The Olympic Peninsula, Grand Coulee Dam, the fish runs, Hell's Canyon, the Cascade Mountains, the Pendleton Round-up—all receive the treatment they deserve. Mrs. Ross takes her readers from the rocky seacoast to the 6100-foot abyss carved by the Snake River. Her description of the region is complete. She probes the origins and speculates on the futures of Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, and Spokane. She also tells about the small places and about the great ranches spread out in the cattle country, measured by skylines rather than by acres.

This is the best descriptive book ever written about the Pacific Northwest. But one must regret that Mrs. Ross has included a somewhat superficial analysis of the political and economic problems of the region. She mentions a huge assortment of political nonentities, yet never refers to such a notable figure as Senator McNary of Oregon. She also fails to give as revealing a portrayal of the Northwest's frontier economy as did George R. Leighton in his chapter on Seattle in "Five Cities." But these shortcomings detract little from a book which contains superb accounts of the greatest asset of the Northwest—its outdoors.

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TRADE WINDS

CHARLES DICKENS and Jack London have again confirmed their permanence. The universality of their writings has perhaps never achieved more greatness than at the present moment, and in embattled Moscow at that. For we learn from a *New York Times* dispatch that despite the martial law and the furious fighting that is going on a few miles beyond its borders, the bookshops of this heroic city are crowded with customers demanding the works of Dickens and London. For inspiration the Russians are turning to an English and an American author, both long since dead, both representing the democracies allied with their country, both of them having written with understanding and compassion of working men and women. If Russia repels the Nazi hordes, if Moscow survives, history may record that Charles Dickens and Jack London figured somewhere in the picture.

★ ★

☞Fairfax Downey has just written a "biography" of the old U. S. Army of the West in "Indian Fighting Army," which Scribner's will publish shortly. Mr. Downey's saga covers the whole West and the countless battles in the exciting decades from the Civil War to the defeat of the Sioux at the Battle of Wounded Knee. Mr. Downey, himself a Captain in the A.E.F., comes from a line of soldiers: his grandfather, Major George F. Downey, was a veteran of the Civil and Indian Wars, while his father was a Brigadier General.

★ ★

☞Greystone Press announces a plan to publish two new poets a year, beginning April, 1942. The editions will be limited and printed in handset type by Victor and Jacob Hammer, formerly printers of the famous Stamperia del Santuccio editions in Florence. The New Poets Series will be edited by Gorham Munson and will concentrate upon poets who are experimental in technique and highly individual in spirit. Since the editorial criteria for this series, designed for advanced readers of poetry, are necessarily specialized, poets who wish to offer manuscripts are advised to enter into correspondence with Gorham Munson, Greystone Press, 40 East 49th Street, New York, N. Y., before submitting their work.

★ ★

☞The Duell, Sloan, & Pearce list includes an author who writes gruesome detective stories and, to help ease her mind of murders and bloody intrigues, turns to poetry. She is Lenore Glen Offord, whose "The Nine Dark Hours" is scheduled for early publication. With her MS she sent her publishers the following verse:

A hero brave, a villain cruel
I shall invent for Mr. Duell:
A brilliant style that's all my own
I'll cultivate for Samuel Sloan.
If competition waxes fierce
I'll be your mainstay, Mr. Pierce;
And rest assured, I'll work like hell
For Bloodhound-Editor Rodell.
Thus I'll become the brightest jewel
Of Messrs. Pearce and Sloan and Duell.

★ ★

☞Lovell Thompson, that enterprising, eagle-eyed, advertising director of Houghton Mifflin Company caught us napping. Why? Well, we used a very handsome and decorative spot to illustrate a review on page 17 of the Fall Book Number, without crediting the source of the art work. But Mr. Thompson is an observant gentleman and we herewith acknowledge that the art work is from the jacket of "Pilgrim's Way"—that very able autobiography by John Buchan, published by H. M. C.

★ ★

☞Congratulations to Frederick S. Allen, the new editor of *Harpers*. Incidentally, *Harpers* begins its December issue with a new department, *Murders for Pleasure,* to be conducted by Howard Haycraft, author of the recently published "Murder for Pleasure."

★ ★

Here are the titles of the books mentioned in our Broadway-columnist book column last week:

(A) "Newspaper Days," by H. L. Mencken; (B) "Joseph Pulitzer and His World," by James Lyman Barrett; (C) "The Secret Diary of William Byrd of Westover, 1709-1712," edited by Louis B. Wright and Marion Tinling; (D) "Ellen Rogers," by James T. Farrell; (E) "Long Week End," by Harlow Estes; (F) "Royal Road," by Arthur Kuhl; (G) "Savage Landor," by Malcolm Elwin; (H) "World Series," by John R. Tunis; (I) "I'll Never Go There Any More," by Jerome Weidman; (J) "Proceed, Sergeant Lamb," by Robert Graves; (K) "A Pinch of Poison," by Frances and Richard Lockridge; (L) "The Viking Book of Poetry of the English-Speaking World," chosen and edited, with a preface, by Richard Aldington; (M) "High Conquest," by James Ramsay Ullman; (N) "Corporal Cat," by Martin Flavin; (O) "Two-Way Passage," by Louis Adamic; (P) "The Street Has Changed," by Elizabeth Daly; (Q) "A Lady Goes to Hollywood," by Helen Partridge; (R) "Sophia," by St. John Ervine; (S) "That Day Alone," by Pierre Van Paassen.

☞Cornelia Otis Skinner, who always seemed to us to have a more-than-enough assortment of talents for any one person, has found time between her stage and radio appearances to do another one of her commentaries on present-day life. This time Miss Skinner is gravely concerned with the difficulties of speaking Russian, keeping warm in a duck blind, and learning to master a bicycle which she could never conquer as a child. "Soap Behind the Ears" is the title of her new book and it is due shortly.

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TWO COUNTRIES

(*Continued from page* 5)

tary and the industrial contribution of this most populous land of the British Empire have been substantial. A potential threat of more active involvement in war hangs over India from two directions. Japan's advance posts are near the borders of Burma, which is an Eastern appendage to India. And there are roads to India from the Caucasus and Central Asia, regions which may be reached if the German drive in Russia maintains its momentum.

Like most Indian nationalists, Mr. Shridharani is sympathetic with China, not with Japan, and he sees great possibilities of future coöperation between these two most numerous Oriental peoples, with their rich ancient cultures. He recognizes the divisive force of Hindu-Moslem antagonism, but he believes that India's destiny will be to serve as a bridge between East Asia, where Buddhism is strong, and the Moslem Near and Middle East.

It will be contrary to all historical precedent if the present world conflict does not bring about great changes in many parts of the world, and India will not escape the impact of these changes. Both as a guide to the forces that will shape these changes, as a record of personal life against the differing backgrounds of Old India and Young America and as a keen friendly study of the American scene, Mr. Shridharani's work is valuable and interesting reading.

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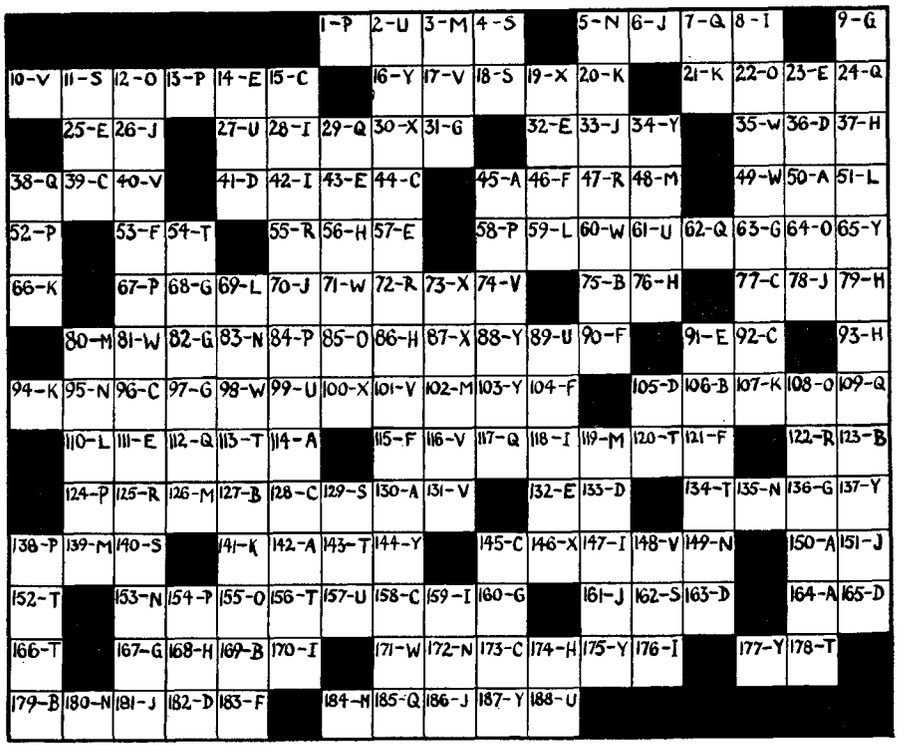
Double-Crostics: No. 397

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Gardening into odd or ornamental shapes of trees.

B. Divide into tight compartments (2 wds.)

C. Less radical members of the Social Democratic Party (Russia).

D. Whom Richard Lovelace addressed a poem.

E. Croatian dialect of Serbo-Croatians.

F. Smallest pig in a litter.

G. Void of sensibility; hard-hearted.

H. Undergo loss of prestige (2 wds.)

I. Counteractant of poison or evil.

J. Scrub team collectively (baseball slang).

K. Equality (law).

L. Secretary of the Interior (1913-20).

M. Designating Rome as a City of the Empire.

N. Inhabitants of the city of *Romeo and Juliet.*

O. Quintessence.

P. Stock anew.

Q. Something given with a treacherous purpose (2 wds.)

R. Reverse of *serpentine* (cabinet furniture).

S. More offensively vivid or strong (color).

T. Serious difficulty (2 wds.)

U. U. S. Secretary of War (1862-6).

V. Was of importance.

W. Fix indelibly in the memory.

X. First husband of Mrs. Piozzi.

Y. Secure and retain friendship of someone (3 wds.)

WORDS

164 50 45 142 150 130 114

179 75 169 127 106 123

173 44 92 145 77 39 96 158 15 128

105 41 163 165 182 133 36

14 132 25 23 32 111 57 43 91

115 183 121 53 46 104 90

63 167 82 97 68 31 136 160 9

37 86 79 168 76 56 93 174

147 28 170 42 8 159 176 118

161 186 151 26 78 181 6 33 70

94 141 20 21 107 66

51 59 69 110

80 119 126 139 48 102 184 3

153 180 135 172 95 149 5 83

108 64 85 155 22 12

84 124 58 52 154 1 13 67 138

185 109 112 24 38 29 7 62 117

122 125 72 47 55

4 18 129 140 162 11

152 178 166 120 134 156 143 54 113

99 89 27 188 157 2 61

148 10 116 101 74 17 131 40

60 171 49 98 71 81 35

19 146 87 100 73 30

144 103 65 34 88 175 16 187 137 177

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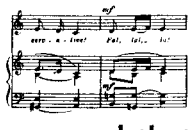
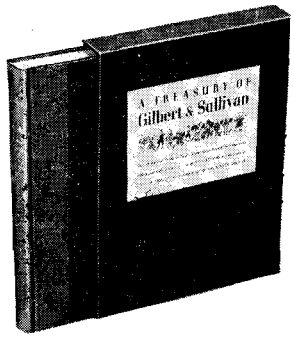
With cat-like tread, little rumors have been spreading for the last few months about a certain book. One person has been telling another, until, carefully on tiptoe stealing, this book has made its way into the homes and hearts of tens of thousands of people before its publication. Its advance sale is the largest in the history of the Inner Sanctum. In this case unprecedented, indignant customers have been asking their booksellers why they, too, didn't receive an announcement. Others have written in expressing dire threats if such and such a song were left out of the final book. Well, as you have doubtless already guessed, the book in question is A *Treasury of Gilbert and Sullivan* and it is published this week. In homes throughout the country, people are leafing through it, reading Deems Taylor's sparkling text, exclaiming at the beauty of Lucille Corcos' color paintings and black and white illustrations and enjoying Albert Sirmay's wonderfully playable and singable piano arrangements. They are finding that the volume contains the complete words and music of 102 of the most memorable of all the Gilbert and Sullivan songs and that the result is a book never before equalled in Savoyard history. (What, never? No, never!) Its catalogue is long, through every passion ranging and to your humors changing. For instance: Are you in sentimental mood? Then turn to such songs as 'Farewell, My Own;' 'None Shall Part Us,' and dozens of others. On maiden's coldness do you brood? Then turn to 'Prithee, Pretty Maiden;' 'Ah, Leave Me Not to Pine;' 'Refrain, Audacious Tar.' And if you call for a song of the sea— there's 'We Sail the Ocean Blue;' 'I Am the Monarch of the Sea,' and many others. The owners of this book are telling their friends that it is an object all sublime, a book to be cherished as long as there is an England—and an America—a book for singing, for playing, for reading, for the entire family's enjoyment. So hurry to your bookstore and look at it. If you're weak enough to tarry, there may be no first editions left. Of that there is no manner of doubt, no probable, possible shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever.



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